SAINT PETERS COMPLAINT.

With other Poemes.

LONDON
Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe.
1595.

SAINT PETER'S COMPLAINT.

The Author to his louing Cosen.

Poets by abusing their talent, and making the follies and fayninges of loue, the customary subiect of their base endeuours, haue so discredited this facultie, that a Poet, a Louer, and a Liar, are by many reckoned but three wordes of one signification. But the vanity of men, cannot counterpoyse the authority of God, who deliuering many partes of Scripture in verse, and by his Apostle willing vs to exercise our deuotion in Himnes and Spirituall Sonnets, warranteth the Arte to bee good, and the vse allowable. And therefore not onely among the Heathen, whose Gods were chiefely canonized by their Poets, and their Painim Diuinitie Oracled in verse: But euen in the Old and New Testament it hath bene vsed by men of greatest Pietie, in matters of most deuotion. Christ himselfe by making a Himne, the conclusion of his last Supper, and the Prologue to the first Pageant of his Passion, gaue his Spouse a methode to immitate, as in the office of the Church it appeareth, and to all men a paterne to know the true vse of this measured and footed stile. But the Diuell as hee affecteth Deitie, and seeketh to haue all the complements of Diuine honor applied to his seruice, so hath he among the rest possessed also most Poets with his idle fansies. For in lieu of solemne and deuout matter, to which in duety they owe their abilities, they now

busy themselues in expressing such passions, as onely serue for testimonies to how vnworthy affections they haue wedded their wils. And because the best course to let them see the errour of their workes, is to weaue a new webbe in their owne loome; I haue heere layd a few course threds together, to inuite some skillfuller wits to goe forward in the same, or to begin some finer peece, wherein it may be seene, how well verse and vertue sute together. Blame me not (good Cosen) though I send you a blame-woorthy present, in which the most that can commend it, is the good will of the writer, neither Arte nor inuention, giuing it any credite. If in mee this be a fault, you cannot be faultlesse that did importune mee to committe it, and therefore you must beare parte of the pennance, when it shall please sharpe censurers to impose it. In the meane time with many good wishes I send you these few ditties, add you the Tunes, and let the Meane, I pray you, be still a part in all your Musicke.

To the Reader.

DEare eye that doest peruse my muses style,
With easie censure deeme of my delight:
Giue sobrest countnance leaue sometime to smyle,
And graueſt wits to take a breathing slight.
Of mirth to make a trade may be a crime,
But tyred spirites for mirth must haue a time.

The lofty Eagle soares not still aboue,
High flightes will force her from the wing to stoupe,
And studious thoughtes at times men must remoue,
Least by excesse before their time they droupe.
In courser studies tis a sweete repose,
With Poets pleasing vaine to temper prose.

Prophane conceites and fayning fits I flie,
Such lawlesse stuffe doth lawlesse speeches fit:
With *Dauid* verse to vertue I apply,
Whose measure best with measured wordes doth fit.
It is the sweeteſt note that man can sing,
When grace in vertues key tunes natures string.

The Author to the Reader.

DEare eie that dayneſt to let fall a looke,
On theſe ſad memories of Peters plaintes:
Muſe not to ſee ſome mud in cleereſt brooke,
They once were brittle mould, that now are Saintes.
Their weakeneſſe is no warrant to offend:
Learne by their faultes, what in thine owne to mend.

If equities euen-hand the ballance held,
Where Peters *ſinnes and ours were made the weightes:*
Ounce, for his Dramme: Pound, for his Ounce we yeeld:
His Ship would groane to feele ſome ſinners freightes.
So ripe is vice, ſo greene is vertues bud:
The world doth waxe in euill, but waine in good.

This makes my mourning muſe reſolue in teares,
This Theames my heauy penne to plaine in proſe.
Chriſtes *Thorne is ſharpe, no head his Garland weares:*
Still fineſt wits are ſtilling Venus *Roſe.*
In Paynim toyes the ſweeteſt vaines are ſpent:
To Chriſtian workes, few haue their tallents lent.

Licenſe my ſingle penne to ſeeke a phere,
You heauenly ſparkes of wit, ſhew natiue light:
Cloude not with miſtie loues your Orient cleere,
Sweete flightes you ſhoote; learne once to leuell right.
Fauour my wiſh, well wiſhing workes no ill:
I mooue the Suite, the Graunt reſtes in your will.

Saint

SAINT PETERS *Complaint.*

LAunche foorth my Soul into a maine of teares,
Full fraught with grief the traffick of thy mind:
Torne sailes will serue, thoughtes rent with guilty feares:
Giue care, the sterne; vse sighes in steu of wind:
Remorse, the Pilot; thy mildeede, the Carde:
Torment, thy Hauen: Shipwracke, thy best reward.

Shun not the shelfe of most deserued shame;
Sticke in the sandes of agonizing dread:
Content thee to be stormes and billowes game:
Diuorc'd from grace thy soule to pennance wed:
Flie not from forreine euils, flie from thy hart:
Worse then the worst of euils is that thou art.

Giue vent vnto the vapours of thy brest,
That thicken in the brimmes of cloudy eies:
Where sinne was hatcht, let teares now wash the nest:
Where life was lost, recouer life with cries.
Thy trespasse foule: let not thy teares be few:
Baptize thy spotted soule in weeping dewe.

Hie mournefull plaintes, the Ecchoes of my ruth,
Whose screeches in my fraighted conscience ring,
Sob out my sorrowes, fruites of mine vntruth:
Report the smart of sinnes infernall sting.
Tell hartes that languish in the sorriest plight,
There is on earth a farre more sorry wight.

A sorry wight, the obiect of disgrace,
The monument of feare, the map of shame,
The mirrour of mishap, the staine of place,
The scorne of time, the infamy of fame:
An excrement of earth, to heauen hatefull:
Iniurious to man, to God vngratefull.

Ambitious heades dreame you of fortunes pride:
Fill volumes with your forged Goddesse praise.
You fancies drudges, plunge in follies tide;
Deuote your fabling wits to louers layes:
Be you O sharpest greeues, that euer wrung,
Texte to my thoughtes, Theame to my playning tung.

Sad subiect of my sinne hath stoard my mind
With euerlasting matter of complaint;
My threnes an endlesse Alphabet do find,
Beyond the panges which *Ieremy* doth paint.
That eyes with errours may iust measure keepe:
Most teares I wish that haue most cause to weepe.

All

All weeping eies resigne your teares to me:
A sea will scantly rince my ordurde soule:
Huge horrours in high tides must drowned bee
Of euery teare my crime exacteth tole.
These staines are deepe: few drops, take out no such:
Euen salue with sore: and most, is not too much.

I fear'd with life, to die; by death, to liue:
I left my guide, now left, and leauing God.
To breath in blisse, I fear'd my breath to geue:
I fear'd for heauenly raigne, an earthly rod.
These feares I fear'd, feares feeling no mishaps:
O fond, o faint, o false, o faultie lapse.

How can I liue, that thus my life denied?
What can I hope, that lost my hope in feare?
What trust to one, that truth it selfe defied?
What good in him, that did his God forsweare?
O sinne, of sinnes; of euils, the very woorst:
O matchlesse wretch: O caitife most accurst.

Vaine in my vauntes, I vow'd if frendes had fail'd,
Alone *Christes* hardest fortunes to abide:
Gyant, in talke: like dwarfe, in triall quail'd:
Excelling none, but in vntruth and pride.
Such distance is betwene high wordes and deedes:
In proofe the greatest vaunter seldome speedes.

Ah raſhneſſe: haſtie ryce to murdering leape,
Lauiſh, in vowing; blind, in ſeeing what:
Soone ſowing ſhames, that long remorſe muſt reape:
Nurcing with teares, that ouerlight begat.
Scoute of repentance, harbinger of blame:
Treaſon to wiſedome, mother of ill name.

The borne-blind beggar for receiued ſight,
Faſt in his faith and loue, to *Chriſt* remain'd:
He ſtouped to no feare, he fear'd no might:
No change, his choyce: no threates his truth diſtain'd.
One wonder wrought him in his duety ſure:
I after thouſands, did my Lord abiure.

Cold ſeruile feare of rendring natures due,
Which growth in yeares was ſhortly like to claime,
So thrall my loue, that I ſhould thus eſchue,
A vowed death and miſſe ſo faire an aime?
Die: Die: diſloyall wretch thy life deteſt:
For ſauing thine, thou haſt forſworne the beſt.

Ah life, ſweete drop, drownd in a ſea of ſhowers,
A flying good, poſting to doubtfull end:
Still looſing monethes and yeares to gaine new howers:
Faine, time to haue, and ſpare, yet forſt to ſpend.
Thy growth, decreaſe: a moment, all thou haſt:
That gone, ere knowne: the reſt: to come, or paſt.

Ah life the maze of countleſſe ſtraying wayes,
Open to erring ſteps, and ſtrow'd with baites,
To winde weake ſenſes into endleſſe ſtrayes,
A looſe from vertues rough vnbeaten ſtraightes.
A flower, a play, a blaſt, a ſhade, a dreame:
A liuing death, a neuer turning ſtreame.

And could I rate ſo high a life ſo baſe?
Did feare with loue caſt ſo vneuen accompt:
That for this goale I ſhould runne Iudas race,
And Caiphas rage in cruelty ſurmount?
Yet they eſteem'd thirty pence his price:
I, worſe then both, for nought denied him thriſe.

The mother ſea from ouerflowing deepes,
Sendes foorth her iſſue by diuided vaines:
Yet back her ofpring to their mother creepes,
To pay their pureſt ſtreames with added gaines.
But I that dronke, the drops of heauenly food:
Bemyred the giuer with returning mud.

Is this the harueſt of his ſowing toile?
Did *Chriſt*, manure thy hart to breed him bryars?
Or doth it neede this vnaccuſtomde ſoyle
With helliſh doung to fertile heauens deſires?
No: no: the Marle that periuries do yeeld,
May ſpoyle a good, not fat a barraine field.

Was this for best deserues the dulest meede?
Are highest worthes well wag'de with spitefull hire?
Are stoutest vowes repeal'd in greatest neede?
Should friendship at the first affronte retyre?
Blush crauen sott, lurke in eternall night:
Crouche in the darkest caues from loathed light.

Ah wretch, why was I nam'd, sonne of a doue,
Whose speeches voyded spight, and breathed gall?
No kin I am vnto the bird of loue:
My stony name much better sutes my fall.
My othes, were stones: my cruell toung the sling:
My God, the marke: at which my spight did fling.

Were all the Iewish tyrannies to few,
To glut thy hungry lookes with his disgrace:
That thou more hatefull tyrannies must shew:
And spit thy poyson in thy makers face?
Didst thou to spare his foes put vp thy sword:
To brandish now thy toung against thy Lord?

Ah toung, that didst his praise and Godhead sound,
How wert thou stain'd with such detesting wordes,
That euery word was to his hart a wound,
And launst him deeper then a thousand swordes?
What rage of man, yea what infernall sprite,
Could haue disgorg'd more loathsome dregs of spite?

Why

Why did the yeelding ſea like marble way
Support a wretch more wauering then the waue?
Whome doubt did plunge, why did the water ſtay,
Vnkind, in kindneſſe; murthering, while it ſaues?
O that this toung had then bene fiſhes food,
And I deuour'd before this curſing moode.

There ſurges, depthes, and ſeas vnfirme by kinde,
Rough guſtes, and diſtance both from ſhip and ſhoare,
Were titles to excuſe my ſtaggering minde,
Stout feete might falter on that liquid floare.
But here, no ſeas, no blaſtes, nor billowes were,
A puffe of womans wind bred all my feare.

O cowardtroupes far better arm'd then harted,
Whom angry words, whom blowes could not prouoke,
Whome though I taught how ſore my weapon ſmarted,
Yet none repaide me with a wounding ſtroake.
O no: that ſtroke could but one moitie kill,
I was reſeru'd both halues at once to ſpill.

Ah, whither was forgotten loue exilde?
Where did the trueth of pledged promiſe ſleepe?
What in my thoughtes begat this ougly childe,
That could through rented ſoule thus fiercely creepe?
O viper, feare their death by whome thou liueſt,
All good thy ruynes wrecke, all euels thou giueſt.

Threates threw me not, tormentes I none aſſayde:
My fray, with ſhades: conceites, did make me yeeld,
Wounding my thoughtes with feares: ſelfely diſmayde
I neither fought, nor loſt, I gaue the field.
Infamous foyle: a maidens eaſie breath;
Did blow me downe, and blaſt my ſoule to death.

Titles I make vntruthes: am I a rocke?
That with ſo ſoft a gayle was ouerthrowne?
And I fit paſtor, for the faithfull flocke,
To guide their ſoules that murdred thus mine owne?
A rocke, of ruine; not a reſt, to ſtay:
A paſtor, not to feede: but to betray.

Fidelitie was flowne, when feare was hatched,
Incompatible brood in vertues neſt:
Courage can leſſe with cowardiſe be matched,
Prowiſſe nor loue lodgde in deuided breſt.
O Adams child caſt by a ſilly Eue,
Heire to thy fathers foyles, and borne to greeue.

In Thabors ioyes I egre was to dwell,
An earneſt friend while pleaſures light did ſhine:
But when eclipſed glory proſtrate fell,
Theſe zealous heates to ſleepe I did reſigne.
And now my mouth hath thriſe his name defil'd,
That cryed ſo loud three dwellings there to build.

When

When *Christ* attending the distressefull hower
With his surcharged brest did blisse the ground,
Prostrate in panges, rayning a bleeding shower,
Me, like my selfe, a drowsy friend he found.
Thrise in his care sleepe closde my careless eye:
Presage, how him my tong should thrise deny.

Parting from *Christ* my fainting force declin'd,
With lingring foote I followed him a loofe.
Base feare out of my hart his loue vnshrinde,
Huge, in high wordes: but impotent, in proofe.
My vauntes did seeme hatcht vnder *Sampsons* lockes,
Yet womans wordes did giue me murdring knockes.

So fare luke-warme desires in crasie loue,
Farre off in neede with feeble foote they traine:
In tydes, they swimme: low ebbes they scornd to proue,
They seeke their friendes delightes, but shun their paine.
Hire of a hireling minde is earned shame:
Take now thy due: beare thy begotten blame.

Ah, coole remisses, vertues quartane feuer,
Pyning of loue, consumption of grace:
Old in the cradle, languor dying euer,
Soules willfull famine, sinnes soft stealing pace,
The vndermyning euill of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring no harmes till all be brought.

O portresse of the doore of my disgrace,
Whose toung, vnlockt the trueth of vowed minde;
Whose wordes, from cowardes hart did courage chase,
And let in death-full feares my soule to blinde.
O, hadst thou bene the portresse to my tombe:
When thou wert portresse to that cursed roome.

Yet loue, was loath to part; feare, loath to die:
Stay, daunger, life, did counterplead their causes:
I fauouring stay, and life, bad daunger flie:
But daunger did except against these clauses.
Yet stay, and liue, I would, and daunger shunne:
And lost my selfe, while I my verdict wonne.

I stayed, yet did my staying farthest part:
I liu'd; but so, that liuing life, I lost it:
Daunger I shund, but to my sorer smart:
I gayned nought, but deeper domage crost it.
What daunger, distance, death is worse then this:
That runnes from God, and spoyles his soule of blisse?

O *Iohn* my guide into this earthly hell,
Too well acquainted in so ill a court,
Where rayling mouthes with blasphemies did swell,
VVith taynted breath infecting all resort.
VVhy didst thou lead me to this hell of euils:
To shew my selfe a feind among the diuels?

O sacred

O ſacred eyes, the ſprings of liuing light,
The earthly heauens, where Angels ioy to dwell:
How could you deigne to view my deathfull plight,
Or let your heauenly beames looke on my hell?
But thoſe vnſpotted eyes encountred mine,
As ſpotleſſe *S*unne doth on the dounghill ſhine.

Sweet volumes ſtoarde with learning fit for Saints,
Where bliſſfull quires imparadize their minds,
Wherein eternall ſtudie neuer faints,
Still finding all, yet ſeeking all it findes.
How endleſſe is your labyrinth of bliſſe,
Where to be loſt the ſweeteſt finding is?

Ah wretch how oft haue I ſweet leſſons read,
In thoſe deare eies the regiſters of truth?
How oft haue I my hungrie wiſhes fed,
And in their happy ioyes redreſſ'd my ruth?
Ah that they now are Heralds of diſdaine:
That erſt were euer pittyers of my paine.

You flames deuine that ſparkle out your hears,
And kindle pleaſing fires in mortall hearts:
You nectared Ambroſe of ſoule feeding meats,
You graceful quiuers of loues deareſt darts:
You did vouchſafe to warme, to wound, to feaſt:
My cold, my ſtony, my now famiſhde breaſt.

The matchles eies matchd onely each by other,
Were pleaſd on my ill matched eyes to glaunce:
The eye of liquid pearle, the pureſt mother,
Brochte tears in mine to weepe for my miſchaunce.
The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treaſure,
And did to my miſdeed their mercies meaſure.

Theſe blaſing comets, lightning flames of loue,
Made me their warming influence to know:
My frozen hart their ſacred force did proue,
Which at their lookes did yeeld like melting ſnow.
They did not ioyes in former plentie carue,
Yet ſweet are crums where pined thoughts do ſtarue.

O liuing mirrours, ſeeing whom you ſhew,
Which equall ſhaddows worthes with ſhadowed things:
Ye make thinges nobler then in natiue hew,
By being ſhap'd in thoſe life giuing ſprings.
Much more my image in thoſe eyes was grac'd,
Then in my ſelfe whom ſinne and ſhame defac'd.

All ſeeing eyes more worth then all you ſee,
Of which one is the others onely price:
I worthles am, direct your beames on me,
With quickning vertue cure my killing vice.
By ſeeing things, you make things worth the ſight,
You ſeeing, ſalue, and being ſeene, delight.

O Pooles

O Pooles of *Heſebon*, the bathes of grace,
Where happy ſpirits dyue in ſweet deſires:
Where Saints reioyce to glaſſe their glorious face,
Whoſe banks make Eccho to the Angels quires:
An Eccho ſweeter in the ſole rebound,
Then Angels muſick in the fulleſt ſound.

O eies, whoſe glaunces are a ſilent ſpeech,
In cyphred words, high miſteries diſcloſing:
VVhich with a looke all ſciences can teach,
VVhoſe textes to faithfull heartes need little gloſing:
VVitnes vnworthy I, who in a looke,
Learnd more by rote, then all the ſcribes by booke.

Though malice ſtill poſſeſſe their hardened minds,
I, though too hard, learnd ſoftnes in thine eye,
Which iron knots of ſtubborne will vnbindes,
Offring them loue, that loue with loue wil buy.
This did I learne, yet they could not diſcerne it,
But wo, that I had now ſuch need to learne it.

O Sunnes, all but your ſelues in light excelling,
VVhoſe preſence, day, whoſe abſence cauſeth night,
Whoſe neighbour courſe, bring Sommer, cold expelling,
VVhoſe diſtant periods frieze away delight.
Ah, that I loſt your bright and foſtring beames,
To plundge my ſoule in theſe congealed ſtreams.

O gracious ſpheres, where loue the Center is,
A natiue place for our ſelfe-loaden ſoules:
The compaſſe, loue, a cope that none can mis:
The motion, loue that round about vs rowles.
O Spheres of loue, whoſe Center, cope and motion,
Is loue of vs, loue that inuites deuotion.

O little worldes, the ſummes of all the beſt,
Where glory, heauen, God, ſoone: all vertues, ſtarres:
Where fire, a loue that next to heauen doth reſt,
Ayre, light of life, that no diſtemper marres:
The water, grace, whoſe ſeas, whoſe ſprings, whoſe ſhowers,
Cloth natures earth, with euerlaſting flowers.

What mixtures theſe ſweet elements do yeeld,
Let happy worldlings of thoſe worlds expound,
But ſimples are by compounds farre exceld,
Both ſute a place, where all beſt things abound.
And if a baniſhd wretch geſſe not amiſſe:
All but one compound framde of perfect bliſſe.

I outcaſt from theſe worlds exiled rome,
Poore ſaint, from heauen, from fire, cold Salamander:
Loſt fiſh, from thoſe ſweet waters kindly home,
From lande of life, ſtrayed pilgrim ſtill I wander:
I know the cauſe: theſe worldes had neuer hell,
In which my faults haue beſt deſerude to dwell.

O Bethelem

O Bethelem ciſternes, *Dauids* moſt deſire,
From which my ſinnes like fierce Philiſtims keepe,
To fetch your drops what champion ſhould I hire,
That I therein my withered heart may ſteepe.
I would not ſhed them like that holy king,
His were but tipes, theſe are the figured thing.

O Turtle twins all bath'd in virgins milke,
Vpon the margin of full flowing bankes:
Whoſe gracefull plume ſurmounts the fineſt ſilke,
Whoſe ſight enamoreth heauens moſt happy rankes,
Could I forſweare this heauenly paire of doues,
That cag'd in care for me were groning loues.

Twice *Moyſes* wand did ſtrike the ſtubborne rocke,
Ere ſtony veynes would yeeld their chriſtall blood:
Thy eyes, one looke ſerud as an onely knocke,
To make my heart guſh out a weeping floode.
Wherein my ſinnes as fiſhes ſpawne their frye,
To ſhew their inward ſhames, and then to dye.

But O, how long demurre I on his eies,
Whoſe looke did pearce my heart with healing wound:
Launching impoſtumde ſore of periurde lies,
Which theſe two iſſues of mine eyes hath found:
Where runne it muſt, till death the iſſues ſtop,
And penall life hath purgde the finall drop.

Like ſoleſt Swan that ſwimmes in ſilent deepe,
And neuer ſings but obſequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and ſole in ſecreat weepe,
In ſuing pardon, ſpend thy periurde breath.
Attire thy ſoule in ſorrowes mourning weede:
And at thine eies let guilty conſcience bleede.

Still in the limbeck of thy dolefull breaſt,
Theſe bitter fruites that from thy ſinnes do grow:
For fuel, ſelfe accuſing thoughtes be beſt,
Vſe feare, as fire, the coales let penance blow.
And ſeeke none other quinteſſence but teares,
That eyes may ſhed what entred at thine eares.

Come ſorrowing teares the offſpring of my griefe,
Scant not your parent of a needfull aide:
In you I reſt, the hope of wiſhde relief,
By you my ſinfull debts muſt be defraide.
Your power preuailes, your ſacrifice is gratefull,
By loue obtayning life to men moſt hatefull.

Come good effectes of ill deſeruing cauſe;
Ill gotten impes, yet vertuouſly brought forth:
Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed lawes.
Yet blamed faults redeeming with your worth:
The ſignes of ſhame in you ech eie may reade,
Yet while you guiltie proue, you pitty pleade.

O beames of mercy beat on ſorrowes cloude,
Powre ſuppling ſhowers vpon my parched ground:
Bring forth the fruite to your due ſeruice vovde,
Let good deſires with like deſerts be crownde.
Water young bloming vertues tender flower,
Sinne did all grace of riper groth deuour.

Weep Balme and mirrhe you ſweet Arabian trees,
With pureſt gummes perfume and pearle your ryue:
Shed on your hony drops you buſie bees,
I barraine plaint muſt weep vnpleaſant bryue,
Hornets I hyue, ſalt drops their labour plies,
Suckt out of ſinne, and ſhed by ſhowring eies.

Yf *Dauid* night by night did bath his bed,
Eſteeming longeſt daies too ſhort to moane:
In conſolable teares if *Anna* ſhed,
Who in her ſonne her ſolace had forgone.
Then I to daies, & weekes, to monthes & yeares,
Do owe the howrely rent of ſtintleſſe teares.

Ifloue, ifloſſe, if fault, ifſpotted fame,
If daunger, death, if wrath or wrecke of weale,
Entitle eyes true heires to earned blame,
That due remorſe in ſuch euents conceale;
Then want of teares might well enroll my name,
As cheefeſt Saint in Calender of ſhame.

Loue, where I lou'de, was due, and beſt deſerude,
No loue could aime at more loue-worthie marke,
Nor loue more lou'de then mine of him I ſerude;
Large vſe he gaue, a flame for euery ſparke.
This loue I loſt, this loſſe a life muſt rue,
Yea life is ſhort to pay the ruth is due.

I loſt all that I had, and had the moſt,
The moſt that will can wiſh, or wit deuiſe:
Leaſt performd, that did moſt vainely boaſt,
I ſtaynde my fame in moſt infamous wiſe.
what daunger then death, wrath, or wreck can moue,
More pregnant cauſe of teares then this I proue?

If Adam ſought a veyle to ſcarſe his ſinne,
Taught by his fall to feare a ſcourging hand:
If men ſhall wiſh that hils ſhould wrap them in,
When crymes in finall doome come to be ſcand:
What mount, what caue, what center can conceale
My monſtrous fact, which euen the birds reueale?

Come ſhame the liuery of offending mind,
The ougly ſhroud, that oue-ſhadoweth blame:
The mulct, at which fowle faults are iuſtly fynde,
The dampe of ſinne the common ſluce of ſame.
By which impoſtumde tongues their humors purge,
Light ſhame on me, I beſt deſeru'd the ſcourge,

Caine

Caines murdring hand imbrude in brothers blood,
More mercy, then my impious toung may craue:
He kild a ryuall with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled loue alone to haue.
But feare ſo ſpoild my vanquiſht thoughts of loue:
That periurde oathes my ſpightfull hate did proue.

Poore *Agar* from her phere enforc'd to flye,
Wandring in Barſabeian wildes alone:
Doubting her child throgh helples drought would die,
Laid it aloofe and ſet her downe to moane.
The heauens with praiers: her lap with teares ſhe fild,
A mothers loue in loſſe is hardly ſtild.

But *Agar* now bequeath thy teares to me,
Feares, not effects, did ſet aflote thine eies:
But wretch I feele more then was feard of thee,
Ah, not my ſonne: my ſoule it is that dies.
It dies for drought yet had a ſpring in ſight,
worthie to die, that would not liue and might.

Faire *Abſolons* fowle faults compar'de with mine,
Are brighteſt ſands, to mud of Sodome lakes.
High aymes, yong ſpirits, birth of royall lyne,
Made him play falſe, where kingdoms were the ſtakes.
He gazde on golden hopes, Whoſe luſtrey winnes
Sometime the graueſt wittes to grieuous ſinnes.

But I whose crime cuts off the least excuse,
A kingdome lost, but hope no mite of gaine:
My highest marke, was but the worthles vse,
Of some few lingring howres of longer paine.
Vngratefull child, his parents he pursude:
Igyants warre with God himselfe renude.

Ioy infant Saints, whom in the tender flower,
A happy storme did free from feare of Sinne:
Long is their life, that die in blissfull hower,
Ioyfull such ends as endles ioyes beginne.
Too long they liue, that liue till they be nought:
Life sau'de by sinne, base purchase, dearely bought,

This lot was mine, your fate was not so fearce,
Whom spotlesse death in cradle rockt a sleepe:
Sweet Roses mixt with Lillies strowd your hearce,
Death virgin white in martirs red did steepe.
Your downy heads both pearles and rubies crownde,
My hoary locks did femall feares confound.

You bleating ewes that waile this woluish spoile,
Of sucking lambs new bought with bitter throwes,
To balme your babes your eies distill their oile,
Ech hart to tombe her child wide rupture showes.
Rue not their death whom death did but reuiue:
Yeld ruth to me that liued to die aliue.

With

With easie losse sharpe wreackes did he eschew,
That Sindonles aside did naked slip:
Once naked grace no outward garment knew,
Rich are his robes whom sinne did neuer strip.
I that in vaunts displaide prides faireſt flagges,
Disrobde of grace am wrapt in *Adams* ragges.

When traitor to the sonne in mothers eies,
I shall present my humble suit for grace?
What blush can paint the shame that will arise;
Or write my inward feeling in my face?
Might she the sorrow with the sinner see:
Though I dispisde: my griefe might pittyed bee.

But ah, how can her eares my speech endure,
Or sent, my breath still reeking hellish steeme:
Can mother like what did the sonne abiure,
Or hart deflowrde a virgins loue redeeme?
The mother nothing loues that sonne doth loth,
Ah lothsome wretch deteſted of them both.

O sister Nymphes the sweet renowmed paire,
That blisse *Bethania* bonds with your aboade:
Shall I infect that sanctified aire,
Or staine those steps where *Iesus* breathd and trode?
No: let your praiers perfume that sweetned place:
Turne me with Tygers to the wildeſt chase.

Could I reuiued *Lazarus* behold,
The third of that ſweet Trinitie of Saints?
Would not aſtoniſh't dread my ſences holde?
Ah yes, my heart euen with his naming faints.
I ſeeme to ſee a meſſenger from hell,
That my prepared torments comes to tell.

O *Iohn*, O *Iames*, we made a triple corde,
Of three moſt louing and beſt loued friends:
My rotten twiſt was broken with a worde,
Fit now to fuell fire among the fiends.
It is not euer true, though often ſpoken:
That tripld twiſted corde is hardly broken.

The diſpoſſeſſed diuels that out I threw,
In *Ieſus* name, now impiouſly forſworne:
Triumph to ſee me caged in their mew,
Trampling my ruins with contempt and ſcorne.
My periury was muſicke to their daunce:
And now they heap diſdaines on my miſchance.

Our rocke (ſay they) is riuen, O welcome hower,
Our Eagles wings are clipt, that wrought ſo hie:
Our thundering Clowde made noiſe but caſt no ſhower,
He proſtrate lies, that would haue ſcal'de the ſky.
In womans tongue our runner found a rub,
Our *Cedar* now is ſhrunke into a ſhrub.

Theſe

Theſe ſcornefull wordes vpbraide my inward thought,
Proofes of their damned prompters neighbour voice:
Such vgly geſſe ſtill wait vpon the nought,
Fiends ſwarm to ſoules that ſwarue from vertues choiſe.
For breach of plighted truth, this true I trie:
Ah, that my deed thus gaue my word the lie.

Once, and but once, to deare a once to twice it,
A heauen, in earth, Saints, nere my ſelfe I ſaw:
Sweet was the ſight, but ſweeter loues did ſpice it,
Both ſightes and loues did my miſdeeds withdraw.
From heauen and Saints to hell and *Diuels* enſtranged,
Thoſe ſights to frights, thoſe loues, to hates are changed.

Chriſt, as my God, was templed in my thought,
As man, he lent mine eies their deareſt light:
But ſinne, his temple hath to ruine brought:
And now, he lightneth terrour from his light,
Now of my lay vnconſecrate deſires,
Prophaned wrethe I taſt the earned hires.

Ah ſinne, the nothing that doth all things file:
Outcaſt from heauen, earthes curſe, the courſe of hell:
Parent of death, authour of our exile,
The wrecke of ſoules the wares that fiends do ſell.
That men to monſters: Angels turnes to Diuells:
Wrong, of all rightes: ſelfe ruine: root of euils.

A thing moſt done, yet more then God can doe,
Dayly new done, yet euer done amiſſe:
Friended of all yet vnto all a foe,
Seeming a heauen, yet baniſhing from bliſſe.
Serued with toyle, yet paying nought but paine:
Mans deepeſt loſſe, though falſe eſteemed gaine.

Shot, without noyſe: wound without preſent ſmart:
Firſt, ſeeming light; prouing in fyne a load,
Entring with eaſe, not eaſily wonne to parte,
Far in effects from that the ſhowes abode.
Endorc'd with hope, ſubſcribed with diſpaire:
Vgly in death, though life did faine it faire.

O forfeyture of heauen: eternall debt,
A moments ioy: ending in endles fires:
Our natures ſkumme: the worlds entangling Net:
Night of our thoughts: death of all good deſires.
Worſe then all this: worſe then all tongue can ſay,
Which man could owe, but onely God defray.

This fawning viper, dumme till it had wounded,
With many mouthes doth now vpbraide my harmes:
My ſight was vaild till I my ſelfe confounded,
Then did I ſee the diſſenchanted charmes.
Then could I cut th' anotomy of ſinne,
And ſearch with *Linxes* eyes what lay within.

Bewitching

Bewitching euill, that hides death in deceites,
Still borrowing lying ſhapes to maske thy face,
Now know I the deciphering of thy ſleightes,
A cunning, dearely bought with loſſe of grace.
A ſugred poyſon now hath wrought ſo well:
That thou haſt made me to my ſelfe a hell.

My eye, reades mournefull leſſons to my hart,
My hart, doth to my thought the griefe expound,
My thought, the ſame doth to my tounge impart,
My tounge, the meſſage in the eares doth ſound.
My eares, backe to my hart their ſorrowes ſend:
Thus circkling griefes runne round without an end.

My guilty eye ſtill ſeemes to ſee my ſinne,
All thinges Characters are to ſpell my fall,
What eye doth read without, hart rues within,
What hart doth rue, to penſiue thought is gall.
Which when the thought would by the tounge diſgeſt:
The eare conuayes it backe into the breſt.

Thus gripes in all my partes do neuer fayle,
Whoſe onely league is now in baſtring paines:
What I, in groſſe: they trafficke by retayle:
Making each others miſeries their gaines.
All bound for euer prentizes to care:
While I in ſhop of ſhame trade ſorrowes ware.

Pleasd with displeasing lot I seeke no change,
I wealthiest am when richest in remorce:
To fetch my ware no seas nor lands I range,
For customers to buy I nothing force.
My home-bred goods at home are bought and sold,
And still in me the interest I hold.

My comfort now is comfortlesse to liue,
In Orphian seate deuoted to mishap:
Rent from the roote, that sweetest fruit did giue,
I scorn'd to graffe in stocke of meaner sap.
No iuice can ioy me but of *Iesse* flower,
Whose heauenly roote hath true reuiuing power.

At sorrowes dore I knockt, they crau'de my name;
I aunswered one, vnworthy to be knowne:
What one, say they? one worthiest of blame.
But who? a wretch, not Gods, nor yet his owne.
A man? O no, a beast: much worse, what creature?
A rocke: how cald? the rocke of scandale, Peter.

From whence? from *Caiphas* howse, ah dwell thou there,
Sinnes farme I rented, there, but now would leaue it:
What rent? my soule: what gaine? vnrest, and feare,
Deare purchase. Ah to deare. will you receiue it?
what shall we giue? fit teares, and times, to plaine me,
Come in, say they; thus griefes did entertaine me.

Euill

Euill preſident, the tyde that waſt to vice,
Dumme Orator, that woes with ſilent deedes,
Writing in workes leſſons of euill aduiſe,
The doing tale that eye in practize reades:
Taſter of ioyes: to vnacquainted hunger:
With leauen of the old ſeaſoning the yonger.

It ſeemes no fault to doe that all haue done:
The nomber of offenders hides the ſinne:
Coatch drawne with many horſe doth eaſely runne.
Soone followeth one where multitudes begin.
O, had I in that court much ſtronger bene:
Or not ſo ſtrong as firſt to enter in.

Sharpe was the weather in that ſtormy place,
Beſt ſuting hearts benumbd with helliſh froſt,
Whoſe cruſted malice could admit no grace,
Where coales were kindled to the warmers coſt.
Where feare, my thoughtes canded with yſie colde:
Heate, did my tounge to periuries vnfold.

O hatefull fire (ah that I euer ſaw it)
Too hard my hart was frozen for thy force,
Farre hotter flames it did require to thawe it,
Thy hell reſembling heate did frize it worſe.
O that I rather had congeal'de to yſe:
Then bought thy warm'th at ſuch a dauncing price.

O wakefull bird, proclaymer of the day,
Whose pierſing note doth daunt the Lyons rage:
Thy crowing did my ſelfe to me bewray,
My frightes, and brutiſh heates it did aſſwage.
But O, in this alone vnhappy cocke:
That thou to count my foyles wert made the clocke.

O bird, the iuſt rebuker of my crime,
The faithfull waker of my ſleeping feares:
Be now the dayly clocke to ſtrike the time,
When ſtinted eyes ſhall pay their taske of teares.
Vpbraide mine eares with thine accuſing crow:
To make me rue that firſt it made me know.

O milde reuenger of aſpiring pride,
Thou canſt diſmount high thoughtes to low effectes:
Thou madeſt a cocke me for my fault to chide,
My lofty boaſtes this lowly bird correctes.
Well might a cocke correct me with a crow:
VVhome henniſh cackling firſt did ouerthrow.

VVeake weapons did *Golias* fumes abate,
VVhoſe ſcortching rage did thunder threates in vaine:
His body huge harneſt with maſſie plate,
Yet *Dauids* ſtone brought death into his braine.
VVith ſtaffe and ſling as to a dog he came:
And with contempt did boaſting fury tame.

Yet

Yet *Dauid* had with Beare and Lyon fought,
His skillfull might excuſde *Golias* ſpoyle:
The death is eaſde that worthy hand hath wrought,
Some honor liues in honorable ſpoyle.
But, I on whome all infamies muſt light:
Was hiſde to death with wordes of womens ſpite.

Small gnats enforſt th'Egyptian king to ſtoupe,
Yet they in ſwarmes and arm'd with piercing ſtings:
Smart, noyſe, annoyance, made his courage droupe,
No ſmall incombrance ſuch ſmall vermine brings:
I quayld at wordes that neither bit nor ſtonge,
And thoſe deliuered from a womans tounge.

Ah feare, abortiue ympe of drouping mind:
Selfe ouerthrow: falſe friend: roote of remorſe:
Sighted, in ſeeing euils: in ſhunning, blind:
Foyld without field: by fanſy, not by force:
Ague of valor: phrenſie of the wiſe:
True honors ſtaine: loues froſt: the minte of lies.

Can vertue, wiſedome, ſtrength by woemen ſpild
In *Dauids*, *Salomons*, and *Sampſons* fals,
With ſemblance of excuſe my errour guild,
Or lend a marble gloſe to muddy walles?
O no their fault had ſhow of ſome pretence.
No vayle can hide the ſhame of my offence.

The blaze of beauties beames allured their lookes,
Their lookes, by ſeeing oft, conceiued loue:
Loue, by affecting, ſwallowed pleaſures hookes:
Thus beauty, loue, and pleaſure them did mooue.
Theſe Syrens ſugred tunes rockt them a ſleepe:
Enough, to damme, yet not to damme ſo deepe.

But gratious features daſled not mine eies,
Two homely droyles were authors of my death:
Not loue, but feare, my ſences did ſurprize:
Not feare of force, but feare of womans breath.
And thoſe vnarm'd, ill grac'd, deſpiſde, vnknowne:
So baſe a blaſt my truthe hath ouerthrowne.

O women, woe to men: traps for their falls,
Still actors in all tragicall miſchaunces:
Earthes neceſſarie euils, captiuing thralles,
Now murdring with your tongs, now with your glãces,
Parents of life, and loue: ſpoylers of both,
The theeſes of Harts: falſe do you loue or loth.

In time, O Lord, thine eyes with mine did meet,
In them I read the ruines of my fall:
Their chearing raies that made miſfortune ſweet,
Into my guilty thoughts powrde flouds of gall,
Their heauenly lookes that bliſt where they beheld,
Darts of diſdaine, and angry checks did yeeld.

With

With them I reſt true priſoner to their yaile,
Chain'd in the yron linkes of baſeſt thrall,
Till grace vouchſafing captiue ſoule to bayle,
In wonted ſea degraded loues enſtal.
Dayes, paſſe in plaintes: the nightes without repoſe:
I wake, to weepe: I ſleepe in waking woes.

Sleepe, deathes allye: obliuion of teares:
Silence of paſſions: balme of angry ſore:
Suſpence of loues: ſecuritie of feares:
Wrathes lenitiue: hartes eaſe: ſtormes calmeſt ſhore:
Senſes and ſoules repriuall from all cumbers:
Benumming ſence of ill, with quiet ſlumbers.

Not ſuch my ſleepe: but whiſperer of dreames:
Creating ſtraunge chymeraes: fayning frightes:
Of day diſcourſes giuing fanſie theames,
To make dumme ſhewes with worlds of anticke ſightes:
Caſting true griefes in fanſies forging mold:
Brokenly telling tales rightly foretold.

This ſleepe moſt fitly ſuteth ſorrowes bed,
Sorrow the ſmart of euill, Sinnes eldeſt child:
Beſt, when vnkind in killing who it bred,
A racke, for guilty thoughtes: a bit, for wild.
The ſcourge, that whips: the ſalue that cures offence:
Sorrow, my bed, and home, while life hath ſence.

Heere ſolitary muſes nurſe my griefes,
In ſilent loneneſſe burying worldly noyſe,
Attentiue to rebukes, deafe to reliefes,
Penſiue to foſter cares, careleſſe of ioyes:
Ruing lifes loſſe vnder deathes dreary roofes,
Solemnizing my funerall behoofes.

A ſelfe contempt, the ſhroud: my ſoule, the corſe:
The beere, an humble hope: the herſecloth, feare:
The mourners, thoughtes, in blackes of deepe remorſe:
The herſe, grace, pittie, loue, and merry beare.
My teares, my dole: the prieſt, a zealous will:
Pennance, the tombe: and dolefull ſighes, the knill.

Chriſt, health of feuerd ſoule, heauen of the minde,
Force of the feeble, nurſe of Infant loues,
Guide to the wandring foote, light of the blind,
Whome weeping winnes, repentant ſorrow moues,
Father in care, mother in tender hart:
Reuiue and ſaue me ſlaine with ſinnefull dart.

If king *Manaſſes* ſunke in depth of ſinne,
With plaintes and teares recouered grace and crowne:
A worthleſſe worme ſome milde regard may winne,
And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.
A poore deſire I haue to mend my ill:
I ſhould, I would, I dare not ſay, I will.

I dare

I dare not ſay, I will; but wiſh, I may:
My pride is checkt, high wordes the ſpeaker ſpilt:
My good, O Lord, thy gift; thy ſtrength my ſtay:
Giue what thou bidſt, and then bid what thou wilt.
Worke with me what thou of me doeſt requeſt:
Then will I dare the moſt, and vow the beſt.

Prone looke, croſt armes, bent knee, and contrite hart,
Deepe ſighes, thicke ſobs, deepe eyes & proſtrate prayers,
Moſt humbly beg reliefe of earned ſmart,
And ſauing ſhroud in mercies ſweete repaires.
If iuſtice ſhould my wrongs with rigor wage:
Feares, would diſpaires: ruth, breed a hopeleſſe rage.

Lazar at pitties gate I vlcered lie,
Crauing the reſſues crummes of childrens plate:
My ſores, I lay in view to mercies eye,
My rags, beare witneſſe of my poore eſtate.
The wormes of conſcience that within me ſwarme:
Proue that my plaintes are leſſe then is my harme.

With mildeneſſe, *Ieſu*, meaſure my offence:
Let true remorſe thy due reuenge abate:
Let teares appeaſe when treſpaſſe doth incenſe:
Let pittie temper thy deſerued hate.
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall:
VVith feare I craue, with hope I humbly call.

Redeeme my lapſe with raunſome of thy loue,
Trauerſe th'inditement, rigorous dome ſuſpend:
Let frailtie fauour, ſorrowes ſuccour moue:
Be thou thy ſelfe, though chaungling I offend.
Tender my ſuite, clenſe this defiled denne,
Cancell my debtes, ſweete *Ieſu*, ſay Amen.

The ende of Saint Peters Complaint.

Mary

Mary Magdalens blush.

THe ſignes of ſhame that ſtaine my bluſhing face
Riſe from the feeling of my rauing fits,
Whoſe ioy, annoy: whoſe guerdon, is diſgrace:
Whoſe ſollace, flies: whoſe ſorrow, neuer flits:
Bad ſeed I ſow'd: worſe fruite is now my gaine:
Soone dying mirth begat long liuing paine.

Now pleaſure ebbes: reuenge beginnes to flow:
One day doth wreake the wrath that many wrought:
Remorſe doth teach my guiltie thoughts to know,
How cheape I ſould, that Chriſt ſo dearely bought.
Faults long vnfelt doth conſcience now bewraye,
Which cares muſt cure, and teares muſt waſh awaye.

All ghoſtly dynts that grace at me did dart,
Like ſtubborne rocke I forced to recoyle:
Lo other flights an ayme I made my hart,
Whoſe wounds, then wel-come, now haue wrought my foyle.
Woe worth the bow, who worth the archers might,
That draue ſuch arrowes to the marke ſo right.

To pull them out, to leaue them in, is death:
One, to this world: one, to the world to come:
Wounds may I weare, and draw a doubtfull breath:
But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull dome.
And for a world, whoſe pleaſures paſſe away:
I loſe a world, whoſe ioyes are paſt decay.

O ſence, O ſoule, O had, O hoped bliſſe,
You wooe, you weane, you draw, you driue me back.
Your croſſe-encountring, like their combate is,
That neuer end but with ſome deadly wrack.
When ſenſe doth winne, the ſoule doth looſe the field,
And preſent happes, make future hopes to yeeld.

O heauen, lament: ſenſe robbeth thee of Saints:
Lament O ſoules, ſenſe ſpoyleth you of grace.
Yet ſenſe doth ſcarſe deſerue theſe hard complaints,
Loue is the thiefe, ſenſe but the entring place.
Yet graunt I muſt, ſenſe is not free from ſinne,
For theeſe he is that theefe admitteth in.

MARY

Marie Magdalens complaint at Chriſts death.

SIth my life from life is parted:
Death come take thy portion.
Who ſuruiues, when life is murdred,
Liues by meere extortion.
All that liue, and not in God:
Couch their life in deaths abod.

Seely ſtarres muſt needes leaue ſhining,
When the ſunne is ſhaddowed.
Borrowed ſtreames refraine their running,
VVhen head ſprings are hindered.
One that liues by others breath,
Dieth alſo by his death.

O true life, ſince thou haſt left me,
Mortall life is tedious.
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death, of all moſt odious.
Turne againe or take me to thee,
Let me dye or liue thou in mee.

Where the truth once was, and is not,
Shaddowes are but vanitie:
Shewing want, that helpe they cannot:
Signes, not ſalues of miſerie.
Paynted meate no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceedes.

With my loue, my life was neſtled
In the ſonne of happineſſe:
From my loue, my life is wreſted
To a world of heauineſſe.
O, let loue my life remoue,
Sith I liue not where I loue.

O my ſoule, what did vnlooſe thee
From thy ſweete captiuitie?
God, not I, did ſtill poſſeſſe thee:
His, not mine, thy libertie.
O, two happie thrall thou wart,
When thy priſon, was his hart.

Spitefull ſpeare, that brakeſt this priſon,
Seate of all felicitie,
Working this, with double treaſon,
Loues and liues deliuerie:
Though my life thou drau'ſt away,
Maugre thee my loue ſhall ſtay.

Times goe by turnes.

THe lypped tree in time may grow againe,
Moſt naked plantes renew both fruit and flower:
The ſoreſt wight may find releaſe of paine,
The dryeſt ſoyle ſucke in ſome moyſtning ſhower.
Times goe by turnes, and chaunces chaunge by courſe:
From fowle to faire: from better happe, to worſe.

The ſea of fortune doth not euer flowe,
She drawes her fauours to the loweſt ebbe:
Her tydes hath equall times to come and goe,
Her Loome doth weaue the fine and courſeſt webbe.
No ioye ſo great, but runneth to an end:
No hap ſo hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwaies fall of leafe, nor euer ſpring,
No endles night, yet not eternall day:
The ſaddeſt birds a ſeaſon find to ſing,
The rougheſt ſtorme a calme may ſoone alay.
Thus with ſucceeding turnes God tempereth all:
That man may hope to riſe, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce may winne that by miſchaunce was loſt,
The net that holdes no great, takes little fiſh:
In ſome things all, in all things none are croſt,
Fewe, all they neede: but none, haue all they wiſh,
Vnmedled ioyes here to no man befall,
Who leaſt, hath ſome, who moſt hath neuer all.

Looke home.

REtyred thoughts enioy their owne delights,
As beawtie doth in ſelfe beholding eye:
Mans mind a myrrour is of heauenly ſights,
A breefe wherein all maruailes ſummed lye.
Of fayreſt formes, and ſweeteſt ſhapes the ſtore,
Moſt gracefull all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To natures paterns adding higher skill:
Of fineſt workes wit better could the ſtate,
If force of wit had equall power of will.
Deuiſe of man in working hath no end,
What thought can thinke an other thought can mend.

Mans ſoule of endles beauties image is,
Drawne by the worke of endleſſe skill and might:
This skilfull might gaue many ſparkes of bliſſe,
And to diſcerne this bliſſe a natiue light.
To frame Gods image as his worthes requirde:
His might, his skill, his word, and will conſpirde.

All that he had his image ſhould preſent,
All that it ſhould preſent he could afford:
To that he could afford his will was bent,
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this ſuffice, by this conceiue the reſt
He ſhould, he could, he would he did the beſt.

Fortunes

Fortunes Falſehoode.

IN worldly meriments lurketh much miſerie,
Slie fortunes ſubtilties in baites of happineſſe
Shrowde hookes, that ſwallowed, without recouerie
Murder the innocent with mortall heauineſſe.

She ſoweth appetites with pleaſing vanities,
Till they be conquered with cloaked tyrannie,
Than, chaunging countenaunce, with open enmities,
She triumphes ouer them, ſcorning their ſlauerie.

With fawning flatterie deathes doore ſhe openeth,
Alluring paſſengers to bloudie deſtenie:
In offers bountifull, in proofe ſhee beggereth:
Mens ruines regiſtring her falſe felicitie.

Her hopes are faſtened in bliſſe that vaniſheth,
Her ſmart inherited with ſure poſſeſſion:
Conſtant in crueltie, ſhee neuer altereth,
But from one violence, to more oppreſſion.

To thoſe that follow her, fauoures are meaſured,
As eaſie premiſes to hard concluſions:
With bitter corroſiues her ioyes are ſeaſoned,
Her higheſt benefits are but ill uſions.

Her waies, a laberinth of wandring passages:
Fooles common pilgrimage, to cursed deities:
Whose fond deuotion and idle menages
Are wagde with wearinesse in frutlesse drudgeries.

Blinde in her fauorites foolish election,
Chaunce is her arbiter in geuing dignities:
Her choyse of visions, shewes most discretion,
Sith welth the vertuous might wrest from pietie,

To humble suppliaunts tyrant most obstinate:
She suters aunswereth with contrarieties:
Proude with petition, vntaught to mitigate
Rigour with clemencie in hardest cruelties.

Like Tygre fugitiue from the ambitious,
Like weeping Crocodile to scornefull enemies:
Suing for amitie where shee is odious,
But to her followers forswearing curtesies.

No mind so chaungeable, no sea so wauering,
As giddie fortune in reeling varieties:
Now mad, now mercifull, now fearce, now fauoring:
In all things mutable, but mutabilities.

Scorne not the leaſt.

WHere wards are weake, & foes encountring ſtrong:
Where mightier doe aſſault, then doe defend:
The feebler part puts vp enforced wrong,
And ſilent ſees, that ſpeech could not amend.
Yet higher powers muſt thinke, though they repine,
When ſunne is ſet: the little ſtarres will ſhine.

While Pike doth range, the ſilly Teutch doth flie
And crouch in priuie creekes, with ſmaller fiſh:
Yet Pikes are caught when little fiſh goe bie:
Theſe, fleet a flote; while thoſe, doe fill the diſh.
There is a time euen from the wormes to creepe:
And ſucke the dew while all their foes doe ſleepe.

The Marlyne cannot euer ſore on high,
Nor greedie greyhound ſtill purſue the chaſe:
The tender Larke will find a time to flie,
And fearefull Hare to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on Ceders did beſtow:
Gaue alſo lowly muſhrumpt leaue ſo grow.

In A mans pompe poore Mardocheus wept;
Yet God did turne his fate vpon his foe.
The Lazar pinde, while DIVES feaſt was kept,
Yet he, to heauen; to hell, did Diues goe.
We trample graſſe, and prize the flowers of May:
Yet graſſe is greene when flowers doe fade away.

The Natiuitie of Christ.

Beholde the father, is his daughters ſonne:
The bird that built the neſt, is hatched therein:
The olde of yeares, an houre hath not out runne:
Eternall life, to liue doth now beginne.
The word is dumme: the mirth of heauen doth weep:
Might feeble is: and force doth faintly creepe.

O dying ſoules, beholde your liuing ſpring:
O daſled eyes, behold your ſonne of grace:
Dull eares, attend what word this word doth bring:
Vp heauie hartes: with ioye your ioye embrace.
From death, from darke, from deafeneſſe, from diſpaires:
This life, this light, this word, this ioy repaires.

Gift better then him ſelfe, God doth not know:
Gift better then his God, no man can ſee:
This gift doth here the geuer geuen beſtow:
Gift to this gift let each receiuer bee.
God is my gift, himſelfe he freely gaue me:
Gods gift am I, and none but God ſhall haue me.

Man altered was by ſinne from man to beaſt:
Beaſtes foode is haye, haye is all mortall fleſh:
Now God is fleſh, and lies in Manger preſt:
As haye, the bruteſt ſinner to refreſh.
O happie fielde wherein this fodder grew,
Whoſe taſt, doth vs from beaſts to men renew.

Christs Childhoode.

TIll twelue yeres age, how Christ his childhood ſpent,
All earthly pennes vnworthy were to write,
Such acts, to mortall eyes hee did preſent:
Whoſe worth, not men, but Angels muſt recite.
No natures blots, no childiſh faults defilde,
Where grace was guide, and God did play the childe.

In ſpringing lockes laye couched hoary wit:
In ſemblance young, a graue and auncient port:
In lowly lookes, high Maieſtie did ſit:
In tender tongue, ſound ſenſe of ſageſt ſort.
Nature imparted all that ſhee could teach:
And God ſupplied, where nature could not reach.

His mirth, of modeſt meane a mirrour was:
His ſadneſſe, tempered with a milde aſpect:
His eye, to trie each action was a glaſſe:
Whoſe lookes, did good approue, and bad correct.
His natures gifts, his grace, his word, and deede
Well ſhewed that all did from a God proceede.

A childe my Choyce.

LEt folly praiſe that fancie loues, I praiſe and loue that child,
Whoſe hart no thought: whoſe tong, no word: whoſe hand no deed
I praiſe him moſt, I loue him beſt, all praiſe and loue is his: (defiled.
While him I loue, in him I liue, and cannot liue amiſſe.

Loues ſweeteſt mark, Lawdes higheſt theme, mans moſt deſired light:
To loue him, life: to leaue him, death: to liue in him, delight.
He mine, by gift: I his, by debt: thus each, to others due:
Firſt friend he was: beſt friend he is: all times will try him true.

Though yonng, yet wiſe: though ſmal, yet ſtrong: though man, yet God
As wiſe, he knowes: as ſtrong, he can: as God, he loues to bliſſe. (he is:
His knowledge rules: his ſtrength, defends: his loue, doth cheriſh all:
His birth, our Ioye: his life, our light: his death, our end of thrall.

Alas, he weepes, he ſighes, he pants, yet doo his Angels ſing:
Out of his teares, his ſighes and throbs, doth bud a ioyfull ſpring.
Almightie babe, whoſe tender armes can force all foes to flie:
Correct my faultes, protect my life, direct me when I die.

I dwell

Content and rich.

I Dwell in graces courte,
Enrichde with vertues rights:
Faithe, guides my wit: loue, leades my will:
Hope, all my minde delights.

In lowlie vales I mounte
To pleaſures higheſt pich:
My ſeely ſhrowde true honor bringes,
My poore eſtate is rich.

My conſcience, is my crowne:
Contented thoughts, my reſt:
My hart is happie in it ſelfe:
My bliſſe is in my breſt.

Enough, I reckon welth:
A meane, the ſureſt lot,
That lies to high, for baſe contempt:
To low, for enuies ſhot.

My wiſhes are but few,
All eaſie to fulfill:
I make the Limites of my power,
The bondes vnto my will.

I haue no hope but one,
Which is of heauenly raigne:
Effects attainde, or not deſired,
All lower hopes refraine.

I feele no care of coyne,
Weldoing is my welth:
My minde to me an empire is:
While grace affordeth health.

I clippe high clyming thoughts,
The winges of ſwelling pride:
Their fall is worſt that from the hight
Of greateſt honor ſlide.

Sith ſayles of largeſt ſize
The ſtorme doth ſooneſt teare:
I beare ſo low and ſmall a ſayle,
As freeth me from feare.

I wraſtle

I wraſtle not with rage
While furies flame doth burne:
It is in vaine to ſtop the ſtreme,
Vntill the tide doth turne.

But when the flame is out
And ebbing wrath doth end:
I turne a late enraged foe
Into a quiet frend.

And taught with often proofe,
A tempered calme I finde:
To be moſt ſolace, to it ſelfe:
Beſt cure, for angrie minde.

Spare diet, is my fare:
My clothes, more fit, then fine:
I know I feede and cloth a foe:
That pampered, would repine.

I enuie not their happe,
VVhome fauour doth aduance:
I take no pleaſure in their paine,
That haue leſſe happie chaunce.

To riſe by others fall,
I deeme a looſing gaine:
All ſtates with others ruines built,
To ruine runne amaine.

No chaunge of fortunes calmes,
Can caſt my comforts downe:
When fortune ſmiles, I ſmile to thinke,
How quickly ſhee will frowne.

And when in froward moode
Shee proues an angrie foe:
Smale gaine I found to let her come,
Leſſe loſſe to let her goe.

Lose in delaies.

SHun delaies, they breede remorse:
Take thy time, while time doth serue thee,
Creeping Snailes haue weakest force;
Flie their fault least thou repent thee:
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoise vp saile, while gale doth last;
Tide and wind stay no mans pleasure:
Seeke not time, when time is past,
Sober speede is wisedomes leasure:
After wits are dearely bought,
Let thy fore wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his lockes before,
Take thou hold vpon his fore head,
When he flies he turnes no more,
And behinde his scalpe is naked,
Workes a iourn'd haue many stayes,
Long demurres breede new delaies.

Seeke thy ſalue while ſore is greene,
Feſtred wounds aske deepe Launcing;
After cures are ſeeldome ſeene,
Often ſought ſcarce euer chauncing,
Time and place giue beſt aduiſe,
Out of ſeaſon out of priſe.

Cruſh the Serpent in the head,
Breake ill egges ere they be hatched:
Kill bad Chickins in the tread,
Fligge they hardly can be catched.
In the ryſing ſtifle ill,
Leaſt it grow againſt thy will.

Droppes doe pearſe the ſtubborne flint,
Not by force but often falling:
Cuſtome kils with feeble dint,
More by vſe then ſtrength preuailing.
Single ſandes haue little waight,
Many make a drowning fraight.

Tender twigges are bent with eaſe,
Aged trees doe breake with bending:
Young deſires make little preaſe,
Grought doth make them paſt amending.
Happie man that ſoone can nocke,
Bable babes againſt the rocke.

Loues ſeruile lot.

LOue miſtris is of many mindes,
Yet few know whome they ſerue:
They recken leaſt how little loue,
Their ſeruice doth deſerue.

The will ſhee robbeth from the wit:
The ſence from reaſons lore,
Shee is delightfull in the rine,
Corrupted in the core.

Shee ſhroudeth vice in vertues vaile,
Pretending much good will:
Shee offereth ioy, affordeth griefe,
A kiſſe where ſhee doth kill.

A honnie ſhower raines from her lippes,
Sweete lights ſhine in her face:
Shee hath the bluſh of virgine mild,
The mind of vipers race.

Shee makes thee ſeeke, yet feare to find:
To find, but not enioy.
In many frounes ſome gliding ſmiles,
Shee yeeldes to more anoy.

Shee wooes thee to come neere her fire:
Yet doth ſhee draw it from thee:
Farre off ſhee makes thy hart to frie,
And yet to freeze within thee.

Shee letteth fall ſome luring baites:
For fooles to gather vp.
Too ſweete to ſome to euery taſt,
Shee tempereth her cup.

Soft ſoules ſhee bindes in tender twiſt,
Small Flees in ſpinners webb,
Shee ſettes a floote ſome turning ſtreames,
But makes them ſoone to ebb.

Her watrie eyes haue burning force:
Her flouds and flames conſpire.
Teares kindle ſparkes, ſobbes fuell are:
And ſighes doe blow the fire.

May neuer was the Month of loue,
For May is full of flowers,
But rather Aprill wet by kind,
For loue is full of ſhowers.

Like tyrant cruell wounds ſhee geues,
Like Surgeon ſalue ſhee lends,
But ſalue and ſore haue equall force,
For death is both their ends.

With ſoothed wordes, inthralled ſoules:
Shee chaines in ſeruile bands,
Her eye in ſilence hath a ſpeach,
Which eye beſt vnderſtands.

Their leaues are ſtained in beauties die,
And blaſted with their beames,
Their ſtalkes inameld with delight:
And limed with glorious gleames.

Life giuing iuice of liuing loue;
Their ſugered vaines doe fill,
And watred with eternall ſhowers,
They nectared droppes diſtill.

Theſe flowers doe ſpring from fertill ſoile,
Though from vnmanu'rd fielde.
Moſt glittering golde in lew of gleebe,
The fragrant flowers doe yeelde.

Whoſe Soueraigne ſent ſurpaſsing ſenſe,
So rauiſheth the mind.
That worldly weedes needes muſt he lothe,
That can theſe flowers find.

FINIS.